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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FATHER SOUTHWELL, S.J.

Robert Southwell, the Poet, the Divine, and the Martyr, was the third son of Sir Richard Southwell, the representative of an ancient family in Norfolk, and one of the persons on whom Henry the Eighth had lavished the ill-gotten treasures acquired by the suppression of the monastic houses. To Southwell, among other property, the priory of St. Faith, with the rectory and advowson of the parish of Horsham, about four miles from Norwich, had been granted; and here, about the year 1560, his son, the subject of the present notice, was born. After a childhood spent under the paternal roof, the young Southwell, at the age of fifteen, was sent to Paris, where he was placed in the house of a friend named Cotton, and committed to the spiritual guidance of father Thomas Darbyshire, who, three years before, had made his religious profession among the Jesuits. From Paris Southwell was removed to the English college at Douay; whence, having completed a portion of his philosophical studies under the celebrated Lessius, he proceeded to Rome, in the early part of the year 1578, and there immediately solicited admission into the "Society." It was on the 17th, or, as others have it, the 19th of October, in that year, that he entered his noviceship: at the same time, he resumed his study of philosophy; and, having subsequently passed through his theological course with the approbation and the applause of his superiors, he at length made his solemn religious profession, and, in 1584, was ordained priest. His next employment was that of Prefect of the Studies, in the English College at Rome. This, however, he held only until the spring of 1586, when, in obedience to the commands of his superiors, and in company with Henry Garnet, he left Italy, and proceeded to the English mission. He arrived in England on the fifth of July. His first residence was in the house of Lord Vaux, to whom both himself and Garnet had been recommended by father Persons. At the end of a few months, however, he quitted this asylum; and, at the invitation of the Countess of Arundel, took up his abode, as chaplain and spiritual director to that lady, at Arundel House. Here he continued to reside during the next six years, edifying and consoling the family of his afflicted patroness, administering to them the comforts of religion, and improving his own hours of solitude by the composition of those works, which, if they did not exactly realise the rhetorical description of his panegyrist, Tanner, in rescuing religion from the destruction to which Elizabeth would otherwise have consigned it, have at least demonstrated the unaffected piety of his heart, and established his reputation as an elegant and accomplished writer.

But his career of piety and usefulness was not destined to be prolonged. Southwell, it must be remembered, was both a priest and a jesuit. As such, he was, of course, obnoxious to the persecuting laws of the time: and, as such also, it was his joy and his glory that he was ere long to be summoned to bear witness to the religion which he professed. It was on the 20th of June, 1592, that a duty, as he imagined, of charity, summoned him to the house of a Mr. Bellamy, a Catholic gentleman whom he occasionally visited at Uxenden, near Harrow. With the probability of his present visit, Topcliffe, the pursuivant, had already been secretly made acquainted. At the appointed time, therefore, the officer with his attendants appeared: a search was instituted: Southwell was discovered and apprehended; and, after a series of almost inconceivable torments in the house of Topcliffe himself, was at length handed over to the government, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower. Here he was detained for more than two years, during which period he was subjected to the tortures of the rack no less than ten times. At length, however, he was, at his own entreaty, brought to trial; and, on the 20th of February, 1595, was arraigned on a charge of having been ordained priest by the authority of the Bishop of Rome, and of having remained in the country contrary to the statute. On this charge he was found guilty, and, being condemned to suffer death, was executed at Tyburn on the following day.

C. & O. S.C.M.

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Of the works written by this holy and accomplished man, there is reason to believe that several were not printed until after his death. There is one which even still remains in MS., unknown hitherto to all his biographers, and equally unknown, so it would seem, to his brethren of the society. It is a volume of Meditations, one hundred in number, on the Love of God. In it, the writer, on fire himself with the divine virtue of which he treats, seeks to scatter the flame which encircles his own heart, and to communicate the chaste affections of a soul that seems to live only in the love of her Creator. He speaks of the nature, of the motives, and of the duty of this love. We are to love the Almighty for himself; we are to love him for his perfections, for his indescribable glory, and his ineffable mercies. The heavens and the earth invite our love; our creation, our redemption, our sanctification, and preservation, demand it. In the death which He has suffered for us, in the sacraments which He has established, in the food which He has provided for our spiritual sustenance, He has shown forth the abundance of His mercies in our regard. It is by love that we are to return His love; it is by this that we are to rise above the things of this world, and to find our repose at last in heaven.

The volume, which is the property of Mr. Dolman, is a thick quarto of 816 MS. pages, will shortly be published. It is dedicated

"To the Right Honourable and Virtuous Ladye, ye Ladye Beauchampe."

The other Works of Southwell are—

1. A Supplication to Queen Elizabeth. London: 1593.
2. A Letter of Consolation for Catholics imprisoned on Account of Religion. St. Omers. *Written specially for the imprisoned Earl of Arundel.*
3. A Short Rule for a Good Life. *Written for the special use of the Countess of Arundel.*
4. A Letter to his Father, exhorting him to attend to the Duties of Religion. Douay.
5. St. Peter's Complaint, with other Poems. London, by John Wolfe, 1595. 4to.
6. The Triumphs over Death, or a Consolatory Epistle for Afflicted Minds, in the Affects of Dying Friends. London: 1595. 4to.
7. St. Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears. London: 1607. 4to.

SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT.

EDINBVRGH
Printed by *Iohn Wreittoun*.
Anno Dom. 1634.

The Authour to his loving Couſin.

POETS by abuſing their talent, and making the follies and fayning of Love, the cuſtomary ſubject of their baſe endevours, have ſo diſcredited this faculty, that a Poët, a Lover, and a Lyer, are by many reckoned but three words of one ſignification. But the vanitie of men cannot counterpoyſe the authority of GOD, who delivering many parts of Scripture in verſe, and by his Apoſtle willing us to exerciſe our devotion in Hymnes and ſpiritual Sonnets, warranteth the Art to bee good, and the uſe allowable. And therefore not only among the Heathen, whoſe Gods were chiefly canonized by their Poëts, and their Paynim Divinitie oracled in verſe: but even in the Old and New Teſtament, it hath beene uſed by men of greateſt pietie, in matters of moſt devotion. Chriſt himſelf by making a Hymne, the concluſion of his laſt Supper, and the Prologue to the firſt Pageant of his paſſion, gave his Spouſe a method to imitat, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to know the true uſe of this meaſured and footed ſtile. But the Devill as hee affecteth Deity, and ſeeketh to have all the complements of Divine henour applyed to his ſervice, ſo hath he among the reſt poſſeſſed alſo moſt Poëts with his idle fancies. For in lieu of ſolemne and devout ma-

ter, to which in dutie they owe their abilities, they now buſie themſelves in expreſſing ſuch paſſions, as only ſerve for teſtimonies to how unworthy affections they have wedded their wils. And becauſe the beſt courſe to let them ſee the errours of their Workes, is to weave a new Webbe in their owne Loome, I have heere laid a few courſe threeds together, to invite ſome skilfuller wits to goe forward in the ſame, or to begin ſome finer peece: wherein it may bee ſeene how well, verſe and vertue ſute together. Blame me not (good Couſin) though I ſend you a blame-worthie preſent: in which the moſt that can commend it, is the good will of the writer, neither Art nor invention giving it any credit. If in mee this bee a fault, you cannot bee faultleſſe that did importune mee to commit it, and therfore you muſt beare part of the penance when it ſhall pleaſe ſharpe cenſurers to impoſe it. In the meane time with many good wiſhes I ſend you theſe few Ditties: adde you the Tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you bee ſtill a part in all your Muſicke.

THE

THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

DEare eye that doeſt peruſe my Muſes ſtile,
With eaſie cenſure deeme of my delight:
Give ſobreſt countenance, leave ſometimes to ſmile,
And graveſt wits to take a breathing flight,
Of mirth to make a trade, may bee a crime,
But tyred ſpirits for mirth muſt have a time.

The loftie Eagle ſoares not ſtill above,
High flights will force her from the wing to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughts at times men muſt remove,
Leſt by exceſſe before their time they droupe.
In courſer ſtudies tis a ſweete repoſe,
With Poets pleaſing vaine to temper Proſe.

Profane conceits and faining fits I flye,
Such lawleſſe ſtuffe doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:
With *David*, verſe to Vertue I apply,
Whoſe meaſure beſt with meaſure words doth fit:
It is the ſweeteſt note that man can ſing,
When grace in Vertues key tunes Natures ſtring.

The Author to the Reader.

DEare eye that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of PETERS *plaints:*
Muſe not to ſee ſome mud in cleareſt Brooke.
They once were brittle mould, that now are Saints.
Their weakneſſe is no warrant to offend,
Learne in their faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If equities even-hand the ballance held,
Where PETERS *ſinnes and ours were made the weights*
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce wee yeeld,
His Ship would groane to feele ſome ſinners freights.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The World doth waxe in ill, but wane in good.

This makes my mourning Muſe reſolve in teares,
This theames my heavy pen to plaine in proſe,
CHRISTS *Throne is ſharp, no head his Garland wears,*
Still fineſt wits are ſtilling Venus *Roſe,*
In Paynim toyes the ſweeteſt veines are ſpent:
To Chriſtian workes, few have their Talents lent.

Licenee my ſingle pen to ſeeke a Pheere,
You heavenly ſparkes of wit, ſhew native light:
Cloud not with miſty loves your Orient cleere,
Sweete flights you ſhoot, learne once to levell right.
Favour my wiſh, well-wiſhing workes no ill,
I move the Sute, the Graunt reſts in your will.

Saint

Saint PETERS complaint.

LAunch foorth, my ſoule, into a maine of tears,
Ful fraught with grief, the traffick of thy mind
Torn ſailes will ſerve, thoghts rent with guilty fears:
Give care the ſterne, uſe ſighes in leave of winde:
Remorſe thy Pilot: thy miſdeed, thy Card:
Torment thy Haven, ſhipwrack thy beſt reward.

Shunne not the ſhelfe of moſt deſerved ſhame:
Sticke in the ſands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to bee ſtormes and billows game:
Divorc't from grace, thy ſoule to pennance wed,
Flee not from fortoun evils, flee from thy heart:
Worſe then the worſt of evils is that thou art.

Give vent unto the vapours of thy breaſt,
That thicken in the brimmes of clowdie eyes:
Where ſinne was hatcht, let teares now waſh the neſt,
Where life was loſt, recover life with cryes.
Thy treſpaſſe foule, let not thy teares bee few,
Baptize thy ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew.

Flee mournfull plaints, the Eccho of my ruth,
Whoſe ſcreeches in my frighted conſcience ring:
Sob out my ſorrows, ſtuits of mine untruth:
Report the ſmart of ſinnes infernall ſting.
Tell hearts that languiſh in the ſorrieſt plight,
There is on earth a farre more ſorry wight.

A ſorry wight, the object of diſgrace,
The Monument of feare the Map of ſhame,
The mirror of miſhap, the ſtaine of place,
The ſcorne of time, the infamy of fame,
An excrement of earth, to heaven hatefull,
Injurious to man, to GOD ungratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of fortunes pride:
Fill Volumes with your forged goddeſſe praiſe,
You fanſies drudges, plung'd in follies tide,
Devoute your fabling wits to lovers layes:
Bee you, O ſharpeſt griefes that ever wrung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning toung

Sad ſubject of my ſinne hath ſtoard my minde,
With everlaſting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endleſſe Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs which *Ieremy* doth paint.
That eyes with errors may juſt meaſure keepe,
Moſt teares I wiſh, that have moſt cauſe to weepe.

All weeping eyes reſigne your teares to mee:
A ſea will ſcantly rince my ordur'd ſoule:
Huge horrours in high tides muſt drowned bee:
Of everie teare my cryme exacteth tole.
Theſe ſtaines are deepe: few drops take out no ſuch:
Even ſalve with ſore: and moſt is not too much.

I fear'd with life to die; by death to live:
I left my guyde, now left, and leaving GOD.
To breath in bleſſe, I fear'd my breath to give:
I fear'd for heavenly raigne, an earthly rod.
Theſe feares I fear'd, feare feeling no miſhaps:
O fond, O faint, O falſe, O faultie lapſe!

How

How can I live that thus my life deny'd?
What can I hope, that loſt my hope in feare?
What truſt to one, that truth it ſelfe defi'd?
What good in him that did his God forſweare?
O ſinne of ſinnes! of evils the verie worſt:
O matchleſſe wretch! O caytiffe moſt accurſt!

Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd, if friends had fail'd,
Alone CHRIST'S hardeſt fortunes to abide:
Gyant in talke; like dwarfe in tryall quaild:
Excelling none, but in untruth and pride.
Such diſtance is betweene high words and deeds:
In proofe; the greateſt vaunter ſeldome ſpeeds.

Ah raſhneſſe, haſty riſe to murthering leape,
Laviſh in vowing, blind in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurſing with teares that over-ſight begat;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treaſon to wiſedome, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind begger, for received ſight,
Faſt in his faith and love to CHRIST remain'd, Iohn 9.
Hee ſtooped to no feare, hee fear'd no might,
No change his choice; no threats his truth diſtain'd,
One wonder wrought him in his duety ſure:
I, after thouſands, did my LORD abjure.

Could ſervile feare of rendring Nature due,
Which growth in yeares was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my love, that I ſhould thus eſchue
A vowed death, and miſſe ſo faire an aime?
Die, die, diſloyall wretch, thy life deteſt:
For ſaving thine, thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweete drop, drownd in a ſea of ſowres,
A flying good, poſting to doubtfull end,
Still loſing months and yeares, to gaine new howres
Faine, time to have, and ſpare, yet forc't to ſpend:
Thy growth, decreaſe, a moment all thou haſt:
That gone, ere knowne: the reſt, to come, or paſt.

Ah life, the maze of countleſſe ſtraying wayes,
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrew'd with baits,
To winde weake ſenſes into endleſſe ſtrayes,
Aloofe from vertues rough unbeaten ſtraights,
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A living death, a never turning ſtreame.

And could I rate ſo high a life ſo baſe?
Did feare with love caſt ſo uneven account,
That for this goale I ſhould runne *Iudas* race,
And *Caiphas* rage in cruelty ſurmount?
Yet they eſteemed thirty pence his price,
Mat. 26. I, worſe then both, for nought deny'd him thrice.

The mother Sea, from overflowing deeps,
Sends foorth her iſſue by divided veines:
Yet backe her off-ſpring to their mother creeps,
To pay their pureſt ſtreames with added gaines.
But I, that dranke the droppes of heavenly flud,
Bemyr'd the giver with returning mud.

Is this the harveſt of his ſowing toyle?
Did CHRIST manure thy heart, to breed him briers?
Or doth it need this unaccuſtom'd ſoyle,
With helliſh dung to fertile heavens deſires?
No, no, the Marle that perjuries doth yeeld,
May ſpoyle a good, not fata barrane field.

Was

Was this for beſt deſerts the dueſt meede?
Are hieſt worths well wag'd with ſpitefull hire?
Are ſtouteſt vowes repeal'd in greateſt need?
Should friendſhip at the firſt affront, retire?
Bluſh, craven ſot, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkeſt Caves from loathed light.

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd ſonne of a Dove, Math. 16.
Whoſe ſpeeches voyded ſpight, and breathed gall?
No kinne I am unto the bird of love:
My ſtony name much better ſutes my fall,
My othes were ſtones, my cruell tongue the ſling:
My GOD, the marke: at which my ſpight did fling.

Were all the Iewiſh tyrannies too few
To glut thy hungrie lookes with his diſgrace:
That thou more hatefull tyrannies muſt ſhew,
And ſpit thy poyſon in thy Makers face?
Didſt thou to ſpare his foes put up thy ſword, Iohn 18.
To brandiſh now thy tongue againſt thy LORD?

Ah tongue, that did his praiſe and God-head ſound,
How wert thou ſtain'd with ſuch deteſting words,
That every word was to his heart a wound,
And launc't him deeper then a thouſand ſwords?
What rage of man, yea what infernall Sprit,
Could have diſgorg'd more loathſome dregs of ſpite.

Why did the yeelding Sea, like Marble way,
Support a wretch more wavering then the waves? Math. 14
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the waters ſtay?
Vnkind, in kindneſſe, murthering while it ſaves?
O that this tongue had then beene fiſhes food,
And I devour'd before this curſing mood!

There ſurges, depths, and Seas unfirme by kind,
Rough guſts, and diſtance both from ſhip and ſhoare,
Were titles to excuſe my ſtaggering minde,
Stout feete might falter on that liquid floare:
But heere no Seas, no Blaſts, no Billows were:
A puffe of Womans wind bred all my feare.

O Coward troupes, farre better arm'd then harted!
Iohn 15 Whom angry words, whom blows could not provok
Whom thogh I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted
Yet none repayd mee with a wounding ſtroke.
O no: that ſtroke could but one moity kill:
I was reſerv'd both halfes at once to ſpill.

Ah, whether was forgotten love exil'd?
Where did the truth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
What in my thoughts begat this ugly child,
That could through rented ſoule thus fiercely creepe?
O Viper, feare their death by whom thou liveſt,
All good thy rnines wreck, all evils thou giveſt.

Threats threw mee not, torments I not aſſayd:
My fray with ſhades: conceits did make mee yeeld,
Wounding my thoughts with feares: ſelfely diſmaid,
I neither fought nor loſt, I gave the field:
Infamous foyle: a Maidens eaſie breath
Did blow mee downe, and blaſt my ſoule to death.

Mat. 16 Titles I make untruths: am I a rocke,
That with ſo ſought a gale was overthrowne?
Am I fit Paſtor for the faithfull Flocke,
To guide their ſoules that murthered thus mine owne
Mark. 9 A rocke of ruine, not a reſt to ſtay,
A Paſtor, not to feede, but to betray.

Fidelity was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertues neſt:
Courage can leſſe with Cowardiſe bee matched,
Proveſſe nor love lodg'd in divided breſt:
O *Adams* Child, caſt by a ſilly *Eue*,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to grieve.

In Thabors joyes I eger was to dwell,
An earneſt friend while pleaſures light did ſhine:
But when eclypſed glorie proſtrat fell,
Theſe zealous heats to ſleepe I did reſigne,
And now my mouth hath thryce his name defil'd,
That cry'd ſo lowd three dwellings there bee build.

Mat. 17
Iohn 21.
Math. 16.

When CHRIST attending the diſtreſſefull howre,
With his ſurcharged breſt did bleſſe the ground,
Proſtrat in pangs, rayning a bleeding ſhowre,
Mee, like my ſelfe, a drowſie friend hee found,
Thtice in his care, ſleepe clos'd by careleſſe eye,
Preſage how him my tongue ſhould thrice deny.

Parting from CHRIST, my fainting force declin' de,
With lingring foot I followed him aloofe,
Baſe feare out of my heart his love unſhrin'd,
Huge in high words, but impotent in proofe;
My vaunts did ſeeme hatcht under *Sampſons* locks,
Yet womans words did give mee murthering knocks.

Marke 14
Luke. 22.

So farre luke-warme deſires in crazie love,
Farre off in need with feeble foote they traine,
In tides they ſwim, low ebbes they ſcorne to prove,
They ſeeke their friends delights, but ſhune their pain
Hire of a hireling minde is earned ſhame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remiſneſſe, vertues quartane fever,
Pyning of love, conſumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying ever.
Soules wilfull famine, ſinnes ſoft ſtealing pace,
The undermining evill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all bee brought.

O portreſſe of the doore of my diſgrace;
Whoſe tongue unlockt the truth of vowed mind,
Whoſe words, from Cowards hart, did courag chaſe
Iohn 18. And let in death-full feares my ſoule to blind:
O hadſt thou bene the portreſſe of my toombe:
When thou wert portreſſe of that curſed roome.

Yet love was loth to part, feare, loth to die:
Stay, danger, life, did counterplead their cauſes:
I favouring ſtay, and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did except againſt theſe clauſes:
Yet ſtay, and live, I would, and danger ſhunne,
And loſt my ſelfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I ſtaid, yet did my ſtaying fartheſt part:
I liv'd; but ſo, that ſaving life, I loſt it:
Danger I ſhunn'd, but to my ſorer ſmart:
I gained nought, but deeper dammage croſt it.
What danger, diſtance, death is worſe then this,
That runnes from God and ſpoyles his ſoule of bleſſe

Ioh 18, 16. O *Iohn*, my guyde into this earthly hell,
Too well accquainted in ſo ill a Court,
(Where rayling mouths with blaſphemies did ſwell,
With tainted breath infecting all reſort)
Why didſt thou lead mee to this hell of evils,
To ſhew my ſelfe a Fiend among the Devils?

Evill

Evill preſident, the tide that wafts to vice,
Dumme Orator, that wooes with ſilent deeds,
Writing in workes leſſons of ill advice,
The doing tale that eye in practice reedes:
Taſter of joyes: to unacquainted hunger:
With leaven of the old, ſeaſoning the younger.

It ſeemes no fault to doe that all have done:
The number of offenders hide the ſinne:
Coach drawne with many horſe, doth eaſely runne,
Soone followeth one where multituds beginne.
O, had I in that Court moſt ſtronger bin;
Or not ſo ſtrong as firſt to enter in!

Sharpe was the weather in that ſtormy place, Iohn 18.
Beſt ſuting hearts benum'd with helliſh froſt:
Whoſe cruſted malice could admit no grace,
Where coales are kindled to the warmers coſt,
Where feare, my thoughts canded with yſie cold,
Heate, did my tongue to perjuries unfold.

O hatefull fire (ah that I never ſaw it)
Too hard my heart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did requyre to thaw it,
Thy hell-reſembling heat did freeze it worſe.
O that I rather had congeal'd to yce,
Then bought thy warmth at ſuch a damning price.

O wakefull bird, proclaimer of the day, Mat. 26
Whoſe pearcing note doth daunt the Lyons rage: Marke 14
Thy crowing did my ſelfe to mee bewray,
My frights, and bruitiſh heats it did aſſwage.
But O, in this alone, unhappie Cocke,
That thou to count my foyles were made the clocke.

O Bird, the juſt rebuker of my cryme,
The faithfull waker of my ſleeping feares:
Be now the daily clocke to ſtrike the time,
When ſtinted eyes ſhall pay their taske of teares,
Vpbraid mine eares with thine accuſing crow;
To make mee rue that firſt it made mee know.

O milde avenger of aſpiring Pride,
Thou canſt diſmount high thoughts to low effects:
Thou mad'ſt a Cocke mee for my fault to chide,
My loftie boaſts this lowly bird corrects.
Well might a Cocke correct me with a crow,
Whom henniſh cackling firſt did overthrow.

Weake weapons did *Goliahs* fumes abate,
Whoſe ſtorming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
His body huge, harneſt with maſſie plate,
Yet *Davids* ſtone brought death into his braine.
With ſtaffe and ſling as to a dog hee came,
And with contempt did boaſting furie tame.

Yet *David* had with Beare and Lyon fought,
1 Reg. 17. His skilfull might excus'd *Goliahs* foile:
The death is eas'd that worthy hand hath wrought:
Some honour lives in honourable ſpoyle:
But I, on whom all infamies muſt light,
Was hiſt to death with words of womans ſpight.

Exod. 8. Small gnats enforſt th'Egyptian King to ſtoupe,
Yet they in ſwarmes and arm'd with pearcing ſtings:
Smart, noyſe, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No ſmall incumbrance ſuch ſmall vermine brings:
I quaild at words that neither bit nor ſtung,
And thoſe delivered from a womans tongue.

Ah feare, abortive impe of drouping mind:
Selfe overthrow; falſe friend; roote of remorſe:
Sighted, in ſeeing evils; in ſhunning blinde:
Foyld without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour, phrenſie of the wiſe,
True honours ſtaine; loves froſt; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wiſedome, ſtrength by women ſpild
In *Davids*, *Salomons*, and *Sampſons* falls, 2 Reg. 11 / 3 Reg. 11 / Iudg. 16
With ſemblance of excuſe my errour gild,
Or lend a marble gloſſe to muddy walls?
O no, their fault had ſhew of ſome pretence,
No veyle can hide the ſhame of my offence.

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes:
Their lookes, by ſeeing oft, conceived love:
Love, by affecting, ſwallowed pleaſures hookes:
Thus beautie, love, and pleaſure them did move.
Theſe Syrens ſugred tunes rockt them aſleepe:
Inough to damne, yet not to damne ſo deepe.

But gracious features dazled not mine eyes,
Two homely Droyles were authors of my death:
Not love, but feare, my ſenſes did ſurpriſe:
Not feare of force, but feare of womens breath.
And thoſe unarm'd, ill grac't, deſpis'd, unknowne:
So baſe a blaſt my truth hath overthrowne.

O Women, woe to men: traps for their falls,
Still actors in all Tragicall miſchances,
Earths neceſſarie evils, captiving thralls,
Now murthering with your tongues, now with your glances,
Parents of life, and love: ſpoylers of both,
The theeves of hearts: falſe, doe you love or loth.

In time, O LORD, thine eyes with mine did meete,
In them I read the ruines of my fall:
Their cheering rayes that made misfortune ſweete,
Luke. 22 Into my guiltie thoughts powrd flouds of gall:
Their heavenly lookes, that bleſt where they beheld,
Darts of diſdaine, and angry checks did yeeld.

O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of living light,
The earthly heavens, where Angels joy to dwell,
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heavenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe unſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne doth on the dunghill ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtor'd with learning fit for Saints,
Where bluſhfull quires imparadize their minds,
Wherein eternall ſtudy never faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it finds,
How endleſſe is your labyrinth of bliſſe,
Where to bee loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch, how oft have I ſweete leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes the regiſters of truth?
How oft have I my hungrie wiſhes fed,
And in their happy joyes redreſt my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine,
That erſt were ever pitiers of my paine!

You flames divine that ſparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleaſing fires in mortall hearts:
Your Nectar'd Aumbryes of ſoule feeding meats,
You gracefull quivers of loves deereſt darts:
You did vouchſafe to warme, to wound, to feaſt,
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſht breſt.

The

The matchleſſe eyes, match only each by other,
Were pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glance:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch't teares in mine to weepe for my miſchance;
The cabinets of grace vnlock't their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeeds their mercy meaſure.

Theſe blazing Comets, lightning flames of love,
Made mee their warming influence to know;
My frozen heart their ſacred force did prove,
Which at their lookes did yeeld like melting ſnow.
They did not joyes in former plenty carve,
Yet ſweet are crums where pined thoghts doe ſtarve.

O living mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
Which equal ſhadows worths with ſhadowed things
Yea make things nobler then in native hiew,
By being ſhap't in thoſe life giving ſprings,
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac't,
Then in my ſelfe, whom ſinne and ſhame defac't.

All-ſeeing eyes, more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am, direct your beames on me,
With quickning vertue cure my killing vice,
By ſeeing things you make things worth the ſight
You ſeeing, ſalve, and being ſeene, delight.

O pooles of Heſebon, the baths of grace, Cant. 7. 3
Where happy ſpirits dive in ſweet deſires:
Where Saints delight to glaſſe their glorious face,
Whoſe banks make Eccho to the Angels quires,
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſicke in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes whose glances are a silent speech,
In cipherd works high mysteries disclosing:
Which with a looke all Sciences can teach,
Whose textes to faithfull hearts need little glosing,
Witnesse unworthie I, who in a looke
Learn'd more by rote, then all the Scribes by booke.

Though malice still possest their hardned minds,
I, though too hard, learn'd softnesse in thine eye,
Which yron knots of stubborne will unbinds,
Offring them love, that love with loue will buy:
This did I learne but they could not discerne it;
But woe, that I had now such need to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your selves in light excelling,
Whose presence, day, whose absence causeth night,
Whose neighbour course brings Summer cold expel-
Whose distant periods freeze away delight. (ling,
Ah, that I lost your bright and fostering beames,
To plunge my soule in these congealed streames!

O gracious Spheres where love the Center is,
A native place for our selfe-loaden soules?
The compasse, love, a cope that none can misse,
The motion, love that round about us rowles:
O Spheres of love, whose Center, cope, and motion,
Is love of us, love that invites devotion.

O little worlds, the summes of all the best,
Where glory, heaven, God, sinne, all vertues, starres;
Where fire a love that next to heaven doth rest,
Ayre, light of life, that no distemper marres;
The water grace, whose seas, whose springs, whose
Cloth natures earth with everlasting flowers. (showrs

What

What mixtures theſe ſweete Elements doe yeeld,
Let happy worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſht wretch gheſſe not amiſſe,
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from theſe worlds, exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heaven, from fire cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh; from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life, ſtray'd Pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe: theſe worlds had never hell,
In which my faults have beſt deſerv'd to dwel.

O Bethelem ceſterns *Davids* moſt deſire,
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims keepe,
To fetch your drops what Champion ſhould I hire,
That I therein my withered heart may ſteepe?
I would not ſhead them like that holy King,
His were but types, theſe are the figured thing.

2 Reg 23.

O Turtle twinnes all bath'd in Virgins milke,
Vpon the margine of full flowing banks,
Whoſe gracefull plume ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke,
Whoſe ſight enamoureth heavens moſt happy ranks,
Could I forſweare this heavenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for mee are groaning loves!

Can. 5 11 12

Twice *Moſes* wand did ſtrike the ſtubborne Rock,
Ere ſtony veynes would yeeld their chriſtall bloud:
Thy eies, one looke ſerv'd as an onely knocke,
To make my heart guſh out a weeping floud,
Wherein my ſinnes as fiſhes ſpawne their frie,
To ſhew their inward ſhames, and then to die.

Exod. 17. verſe 6

But O how long demurre I on his wayes,
whoſe look did pearce my hart with healing wound?
Launcing impoſtum'd ſore of perjur'd lyes,
Which theſe two iſſues of mine eyes have found:
Where runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purg'd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwims in ſilent deepe,
And never ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecret weepe
In ſuing pardon ſpend thy perjur'd breath,
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weede,
And at thine eyes, let guilty conſcience bleede.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull breſt,
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſinnes doe grow,
For fuel, ſelfe accuſing thoughts bee beſt,
Vſe feare as fire; the coales let pennance blow,
And ſeeke none other quinteſſence but teares,
That eyes may ſhead what entered at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares, the off-ſpring of my griefe,
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſht releife,
By you my ſinnefull debts muſt be defrayde,
Your power prevailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By love obtaining life to men moſt hatefull.

Come good effects of ill-diſcerning cauſe,
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed Lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may read,
Yet while you guilty prove, you pitty plead.

O beames

O beames of mercy beat on ſorrows Clowd,
Prove ſuppling ſhowres upon my parched ground,
Bring forth the fruit to your due ſervice vow'd,
Let good deſires with like deſerts bee crown'd,
Water young blooming vertues tender flowre,
Sinne did all grace of riper growth devoure.

Weepe Balme and Myrrh, you ſweete Arabian trees,
With pureſt gummes perfume and pearle your ryne:
Shead on your honey drops, you buſie Bees,
I, barraine plant, muſt weepe uupleaſant bryne:
Hornets I hyve, ſalt drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eyes.

If *David* night by night did bathe his bed, Pſal. 6. 7
Eſteeming longeſt dayes too ſhort to mone:
Inconſolable teares if *Anna* ſhed,
Who in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone,
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeares, Tob. 10
Doe owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If love, if loſſe, if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch events conceale,
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Love, where I lov'd, was due, and beſt deſerv'd,
No love could ayme at more love worthy marke,
No love more lov'd then mine of him I ſerv'd,
Large uſe hee gave, a flame for every ſparke.
This love I loſt, this loſſe a life muſt rue,
Yea life is uyort to paythe ruth is due.

I loſt all that I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will can wiſh, or wit deviſe:
I leaſt perform'd, and did moſt vainely boaſt,
I ſtaynd my fame in moſt infamous wiſe.
What danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can move,
More pregnant cauſe of teares then this I prove?

Gen: 37 If *Adam* ſought a veyle to ſcarfe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a ſcourging hand,
If men ſhall wiſh that hils ſhould wrap them in,
When crymes in finall doome come to bee ſcand,
What Mount, what Cave, what Center can conceale
My monſtruous fact, which even the birds reveale?

Come ſhame, the livery of offending minde,
The ugly ſhrowd that over-ſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which foule faults are juſtly fin'd,
The damp of ſinne, the common ſluce of fame,
By which impoſtum'd tongues their humors purge,
Light ſhame on mee, I beſt deſerv'd the ſcourge.

Gen. 4. *Cains* murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood,
More mercy then my impious tongue may crave:
Hee kild a rivall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled love alone to have:
But feare ſo ſpoyld my vanquiſht thoughts of love,
That perjurd oaths my ſpitefull hate did prove.

Poore *Agar* from her pheere inforc't to flye,
Wandring in Barſabian wildes alone:
Doubting her child through helples drouth would dy
Laid it aloofe, and ſet her downe to mone.
The heavens with prayers, her lap with teares ſhe fild
A mothers love in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to mee,
Feares, not effects, did ſet afloat thine eyes: Gen. 21
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee,
Ah not my Sonne, my ſoule it is that dies:
It dyes for drought, yet hath a ſpring in ſight,
Worthy to dye, that would not live and might.

Faire *Abſolons* foule faults compar'd with mine, 2 Reg. 15
Are brighteſt ſands, to mud of Sodome Lakes;
High aymes, young ſpirits, birth of royall line,
Made him play falſe where Kingdoms were the ſtakes
Hee gaz'd on golden hopes, whoſe luſtre winnes,
Sometime the graveſt wits to grievous ſinnes.

But I, whoſe cryme cuts off the leaſt excuſe,
A Kingdome loſt, but hop't no might of gaine,
My higheſt marke, was but the worthleſſe uſe,
Of ſome few lingring howres of longer paine,
Vngratefull child, his Parent hee purſude,
I, Gyants warre with GOD himſelfe renude.

Ioy, infant Saints; whom in the tender flowre,
A happy ſtorme did free from feare of ſinne, Mat. 22
Long is their life that die in blesfull howre,
Ioyfull ſuch ends as endleſſe joyes beginne.
Too long they live, that live till they bee nought,
Life ſav'd by ſinne, baſe purchaſe dearely bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not ſo fearce,
Whom ſpotleſſe death in Cradle rockt aſleepe,
Sweet Roſes mixt with Lillies ſtrow'd your hearce,
Death Virgin white in Martyrs red did ſteepe.
Your downy heads both Pearles and Rubies crownd
My hoary locks did female feares confound.

You bleating Ewes, that wayle this woluiſh ſpoyle
Of ſucking Lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
T'inbalme your babes your eyes diſtill their oyle,
Each heart to tombe her child wide rupture ſhowes;
Rue not their death whom death did but revive:
Yeeld ruth to mee that liv'd to die alive.

With eaſie loſſe ſharpe wrecks did hee eſchew,
That Sindonleſſe aſide did naked ſlip,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom ſinne did never ſtrip,
I that in vaunts, diſplaid prids faireſt flags,
Diſrob'd of grace, am wrapt in *Adams* rags.

When traytor to the ſonne, in Mothers eyes,
I ſhall preſent my humble ſute for grace,
What bluſh can paint the ſhame that will ariſe,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might ſhee the ſorrow with the ſinner ſee,
Though I deſpiſde, my grieſe might pittied bee.

But ah, how can her eares my ſpeech indure,
Or ſent my breath ſtill reeking helliſh ſteeme?
Can Mother like, what did the Sonne abjure,
Or heart deflowr'd, a Virgins love redeeme?
The Mother nothing loves that Sonne doth loath.
Ah lothſome wretch, deteſted of them both!

O ſiſter Nymphes, the ſweet renowned paire,
That bleſſe Bethania bounds with your abode:
Shall I infect that ſanctified aire,
Or ſtaine thoſe ſteps where *Ieſus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers perfume that ſweetned place,
Turne mee with Tigers to the wildeſt chaſe.

Could

Could I revived *Lazarus* behold, Iohn 11
The third of that ſweet Trinity of Saints;
Would not aſtoniſht dread my ſenſes hold?
Ah yes, my heart even with his naming faints;
I ſeeme to ſee a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

O *Iohn*, O *Iames*, wee made a triple cord, Marke 16
Of three moſt loving and beſt loved friends; Luke 5.
My rotten twiſt was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuell fire among the Fiends;
It is not ever true, though often ſpoken,
That triple twiſted cord is hardly broken,

The diſpoſſeſſed Devils that out I threw,
In IESVS name, now impiouſly forſworne,
Triumph to ſee mee caged in their mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt and ſcorne;
My perjuries were muſick to their daunce,
And now they heap diſdaines on my miſchaunce.

Our Rock (ſay they) is ruine. O welcome howre!
Our Eagles wings are clipt that wrought ſo hie:
Our thundring Clowd made noiſe, but caſt no ſhowre
Hee proſtrat lyes that would have ſcal'd the skie,
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is ſhrunke into a ſhrub.

Theſe ſcornefull words upbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbors voice,
Such ugly gueſts ſtill wait upon the nought.
Fiends ſwarm to ſouls that ſwarve frō vertues choice,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I try,
Ah, that my deed thus gave my word the lye.

Once, and but once, too deare a once to twice it,
A heaven, in earth, Saints, neere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loves did ſpice it,
But ſights and loves did my miſdeed withdraw,
From heaven and Saints, to hell and Devils eſtrang'd
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loves to hates are chãgd

CHRIST, as my GOD, was templed in my thought,
As man, hee lent mine eyes their deareſt light,
But ſinne his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, hee lightneth terrour from his ſight:
Now of my lay unconſecrat deſires,
Profaned wretch I taſte the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file,
Out-caſt from Heaven, earths curſe, the cauſe of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wrecke of ſoules, the wares that Fiends doe ſell,
That men to monſters: Angels turnes to Devils,
Wrong, of all rights, ſelfe ruine, roote of evils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then GOD can doe,
Dayly new done, yet never done amiſſe;
Friended of all, yet unto all a foe,
Seeming a heaven, yet baniſhing from bliſſe:
Served with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe, though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot without noyſe; wound without preſent ſmart:
Firſt ſeeming light; proving in fine a lode,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to part,
Farre in effects from that the ſhowes abode;
Endorc't with hope, ſubſcribed with deſpaire;
Vgly in death though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of Heaven! eternall debt,
A moments joy, ending in endleſſe fires,
Our natures ſcum; the worlds intangling Net:
Night of our thoughts; death of all good deſires,
Worſe then all this: worſe then all tongues can ſay,
Which man could owe, but only GOD defray.

This fawning Viper, dum till hee had wounded,
With many mouthes doth now upbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſinchanted charmes:
Then could I cut the Anatomie of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lay within.

Bewitching evill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning dearely bought with loſſe of grace,
Thy ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made mee to my ſelfe a hell.

My eye reades mournfull leſſons to my heart,
My heart doth to my thought the griefe expound,
My thought the ſame doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the meſſage in the eare doth ſound,
My eares, back to my heart their ſorrows ſend,
Thus circling griefes runne round without an end.

My guiltie eye ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are to ſpell my fall,
What eye doth read without, heart rues within,
What heart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall,
Which when the thought would by the tongue digeſt
The eare convoyes it back into the breſt.

Thus

Thus gripes in all my parts doe never faile,
Whoſe only league is now in bartring paynes,
What I ingroſſe, they traffique by retaile,
Making each others miſeries their gaines;
All bound, for ever, prentices to care,
Whilſt I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleaſd with diſpleaſing lot I ſeeke no change,
I wealthieſt am, when richeſt in remorſe;
To fetch my ware no Seas nor Lands I range.
For cuſtomers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and ſold,
And ſtill in me the intereſt I hold.

My comfort now is comfortleſſe to live,
In Orphan ſtate devoted to miſhap:
Rent from the roote, that ſweeteſt fruit did give,
I ſcorn'd to graffe in ſtocke of meaner ſap.
No juyce can joy me but of *Ieſſe* flower,
Whoſe heavenly roote hath true reviving power.

At ſorrowes doore I knockt, they crau'd my name,
I anſwered one, vnworthy to be knowne,
What one, ſay they? one worthieſt of blame,
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beaſt; much worſe: what creature?
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of ſcandale, *Peter*.

Frō whence? from *Cajaphas* houſe: ah dwell you there
Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leave it:
What rent? my ſoule; what gaine? unreſt, and feare.
Deare purchaſe. Ah too deare, will you receive it.
What ſhall we give? fit teares, and times to plaine me.
Come in, ſay they; thus grieves did entertaine me.

With

With them I reſt true priſoner in their Iayle,
Chayn'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Till grace vouchſafing captive ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See degraded loves inſtall.
Dayes paſſe in plaints; the night without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths ally; oblivion of teares,
Silence of paſſions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loves, ſecurity of feares
Wraths lenitive, hearts eaſe, ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Sences and ſoules reprivall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſence of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange Chymeras fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giving fanſie theames,
To make dum ſhews with worlds of anticke ſights,
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuiteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of evill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt when vnkinde in killing who it bred,
A racke for guilty thoughts, a bit for wild.
The ſcourge that whips, the ſalve that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſence.

Here ſolitarie Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noiſe,
Attentive to rebukes, deafe to releifes,
Penſive to foſter cares, careleſſe of joyes:
Ruing lifes loſſe under deaths drearie roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A ſelfe contempt the ſhrowde my ſoule the corſe,
The Beere, an humble hope, the herſe-cloth, feare:
The mourners, thoughts, in blaks of deepe remorſe,
The herſe, grace, pittie, love, and mercie beare
My teares, my dole, the Prieſt a zealous will:
Pennance the tombe: and dolefull ſighes the knill.

Chriſt, health of fever'd ſoule, heaven of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loves,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
Whom weeping winds, repentant ſorrow moves.
Father in care: mother in tender heart,
Revive and ſave me, ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

If King *Manaſſes* ſunke in depth of ſinne,
With plaints and teares recovered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome mild regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I have to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare not ſay, I will, but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good, O Lord, thy gift, thy ſtrength, my ſtay:
Give what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
Worke with me what thou of me doo'ſt requeſt,
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt,

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrit hart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eies, & proſtrat praiers
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſaving ſhrowd in mercies ſweete repaires,
If juſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage,
Feares, would diſpaires; ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I ulcered lye,
Craving the reffuſe crums of childrens plate:
My ſores I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags beare witneſſe of my poore eſtate;
The wormes of conſcience that within mee ſwarme:
Prove that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme.

With mildneſſe, IESV, meaſure mine offence,
Let true remorſe thy due revenge abate:
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe,
Let pittie temper thy deſerved hate.
Let grace forgive, let love forget my fall,
With feare I crave, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme my lapſe with ranſome of thy love,
Traverſe th'inditement, rigors doome ſuſpend,
Let frailtie favour, ſorrows ſuccour move,
Bee thou thy ſelfe, though changeling I offend:
Tender my ſuit, cleanſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, ſweet IESV, ſay Amen.

FINIS.

Content and rich.

I Dwell in Graces Court,
Enricht with Vertues rights,
Faith guyds my wit, Love leads my wil,
Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleasures higheſt pitch:
My ſilly ſhroude true Honour brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience is my Crowne,
Contented thoughts, my reſt,
My heart is happie in it ſelfe,
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon wealth,
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lyes too high for baſe contempt,
Too low, for Envyes ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds unto my will:

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly raigne:
Effects attainde, or not defil'd,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
Well-doing is my wealth,
My mind to mee an Empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climing thoughts,
The wings of ſwelling pride,
Their fall is worſt, that from the height
Of greateſt honour ſlide.

Sith ſayles of largeſt ſize
The ſtorme doth ſooneſt teare,
I beare ſo low and ſmall a ſayle
As freeth mee from feare.

I wraſtle not with rage,
While furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to ſtop the ſtreame,
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde
To bee moſt ſolace to it ſelfe,
Beſt cure for angrie minde.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My cloaths more fit then fine,
I know, I feede, and cloath a foe,
That pampred, would repine.

I envie not their hap
Whom favour doth advance,
I take no pleasure in their paine
That have lesse happy chance.

To rise by others fall,
I deeme a losing gaine,
All states with others ruines built,
To ruine runne amaine.

No change of Frtounes calmes
Can cast my comforts downe:
When Frtounc smiles, I smile to thinke
How quickly shee will frowne.

And when in froward mood,
Shee prov'd an angrie foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Lesse losse to let her goe.

FINIS.